

*"What fools these Mortals be."*

# Puck

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THE "DIVINE RIGHT."

"TO SLAUGHTER, OR NOT TO SLAUGHTER, THAT IS THE QUESTION."



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Wednesday, April 8th, 1891. — No. 735.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS A GOOD SCHEME to stand off and look at a thing from two or three points of view before passing judgement on it. This stands good in various matters—buying a horse or a house, or criticising our fellow-citizens, or starting up reforms. This little truth is rarely brought home to our able and energetic press so forcibly as the "New Orleans affair" and its various developments are now bringing it home. The peculiar attitude of the Italian Government can not fail to put press and people on the defensive, as Americans against foreigners; and it is interesting to watch the process of swinging around. The papers that loudly condemned the work of the "blood-thirsty mob" are now strongly inclined to think that it was not so much of a mob after all.

Here is what one of the most conscientious and enlightened of all our journals, the *New York Times*, says of the affair which a fortnight ago it condemned in the strongest language:

"The Italian victims of the mob in New Orleans were not slaughtered because they were Italians, but because they were, like pirates, enemies of the human race, whom through their own corruptions the laws of the country had failed to punish."

This is coming around with a vengeance. When we expressed the opinion that history *might*—we used only that modest conditional—call the New Orleans lynching an "uprising of the people"—a very respectable phrase for history's page—we had no thought that one of the journals quickest to denominate it a mob would so soon give the cue to the historian. But this modification of our contemporary's first judgement is due only to a little standing off and looking at the thing it criticised.

Our friend does not stop here, however. It goes on to say:

"Whatever may be the views and whatever the action of the Italian Government, Mr. Blaine and the Administration may feel perfectly well assured that the people of the United States will support them in resisting a claim for damages and to any extent."

It seems to us that this is an assertion to be looked at from several points of view. We may find the lynching justifiable in a moral sense, but is any one going to claim that it was a legal proceeding? And if we kill Italian citizens by deliberately violating our own laws, why is not the Federal Government, which is the treaty-making power, responsible for damages? Our esteemed friend says that the assault upon the Chinese at Rock Springs is not a parallel case. Why is it not? The New Orleans crowd was respectable, and its action was probably necessary and just. The Rock Springs crowd was disreputable, and its action was wholly bad. But what is that to the Italian Government? We guarantee to Italian subjects the protection of our laws. If we do not give that protection, why should we not pay damages?

We believe that the friendliest of arbitrators would decide against us on that point. And why should we object? If the lynchers were right, we are well rid of a set of fiends. If we had to get rid of them in an informal way, let us politely pay the bill. There is no disgrace in being technically wrong if we are sure we are right, morally. Of course, if Italy really should attempt to go outside of the plain business question, and demand that the leaders of the "mob" be punished; why, then we may stand on our moral right, as the *Times* says, "to any extent." There ought to be no difficulty in getting for Mr. Blaine all the popular backing he requires for the most vigorous sort of foreign policy.

But let us, in the name of common sense, stand off and look at the whole business from other points of view than the first one that presents itself. If Mr. Blaine had stood off when he first thought of writing his hasty letter, our position as a nation would have been far better than it is to-day. If we look from only one point now, we shall certainly have to find out, what Mr. Blaine has found out, that contemplation from one or two other points will be forced upon us. A little standing off now will

save a great deal, later on. We wish no trouble with Italy, and we should try to avoid it—not so much because war, as war, is objectionable, (which is reason enough, of course,) but because a war for a cause like this would be especially objectionable in its effect on the national character.

People are willing to believe that the New Orleans lynchers were decent citizens, moved by a wrong and a menace beyond bearing to commit an awful yet unavoidable act of violence; but no thinking man can wish to see their leaders exalted into heroes and idols; which is exactly what would happen if our relations with Italy became much more strained. The canonization of John Brown is responsible in large measure for this country's inordinate crop of cranks and fanatics. Of course, the Federal Government must and should stand between any state of the Union and any foreign power. But it is better to pay for mob rule than to fight for it.

If Mr. McKinley had stood off and looked at his extraordinary tariff-bill a little longer than he did, he would hardly have been so proud of it as he pretends he is. The inevitableness of certain consequences of his legislation would, we are sure, have impressed themselves even on his unimpressible intellect. How on earth he could have avoided seeing, if he gave himself time, that the slightest degree of over-protection would cause a fatal betrayal of his beloved "home market," it is hard to understand. Had the good man only given himself a little more time to walk round his beautiful creation and inspect it not only in its smiling face, but behind and on both sides, he might not have found it as pretty as he thought it was; but he would have known more about it.

He would have seen, for example, that when he raised the price of an exportable article in this country he would have to get some guarantee from ordinary human manufacturers and dealers that that price would also be raised out of this country. If a manufacturer could afford to sell a box of cartridges or a copper kettle or a plow or a sewing machine to buyers across the water, under pre-McKinley rates, and under the McKinley bill is enabled to raise prices to domestic purchasers, what course could the great McKinley have expected him to pursue? Was he to stay his hand and nobly refuse to raise his home-market price? Or was he to ask the foreign purchaser to pay him more than the foreign manufacturer needed to ask? Or was he to do as he has done, and as any weak human being might have been expected to do—sell cheap to foreigners and dear to his own fellow-citizens? A little standing off would have made even a McKinley certain that what has come to pass was inevitable; and that another inevitable thing is this: an American citizen will not long tolerate law-makers who force him to pay high prices in their "home market," while they accommodate the foreigner with low prices in a "home market" where only foreigners are at home.



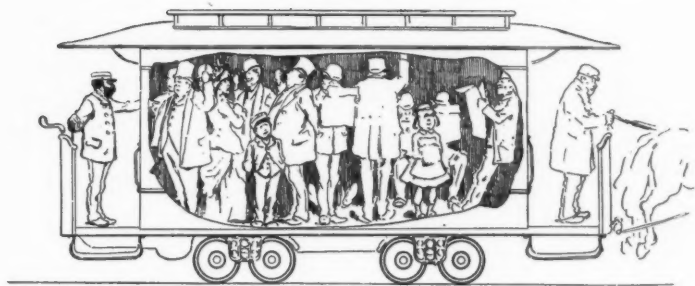
GENEROUS.

SMALL BOY (who has recovered old BEAUVOIR's blown-off hat).—Here's your hat, Mister.

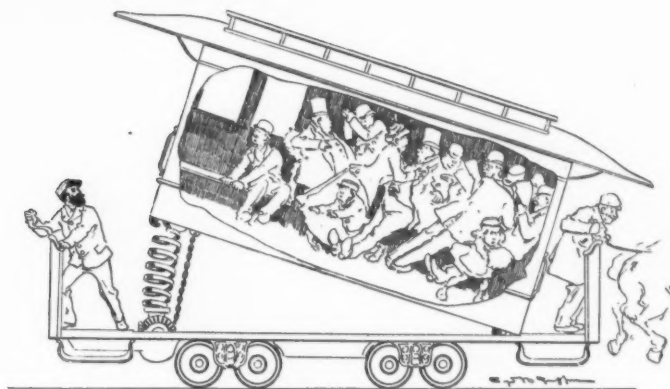
OLD BEAUVOIR.—Thank you, boy; you deserve to be rewarded. You may keep the hat!



## A POSSIBILITY IN STREET CARS.



"Move up forward —"



"— please!"

## ABOUT LUNCHES.

I KNOW THAT I have n't any business with that subject at all, and I know as well as you that it's entirely out of my line, and that it would be in much better taste for me to attend to my own affairs, and leave the preparation of picnic provender to those who are supposed to have a cinch on it, so to speak.

But it does seem to me that I represent a large constituency which has a vital interest in the other end of the subject, *i. e.*, the opening of the lunch basket. Ever since I was a little boy, and took my dinner to school in a tin pail, I've been meaning to write a few words on this subject; but other things have come up, as the man said who was sick at sea, and I have neglected it.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.

"Coming Down With the Dust."

How well do I remember the lunch I used to eat, under cover of my desk, in the ten minutes just before noon, so that I could put in the entire nooning "working up" from third short stop to batter, just in time to get one belt at a yarn ball, with a piece of an old fence rail, before the bell rang to call us in to our studies again!

Ah, that lunch! How well do I remember it! It went all right then, but I would n't eat a *facsimile* of it again now for much fine gold. I remember it used to be laid into the little two quart tin pail, in regular courses as it should be eaten. There was the little saucer pie on the bottom, with the liberal slice of soft ginger cake resting on top of it, and well pressed down into the pie.

Then there was the hard-boiled egg and the limp cucumber pickle on top of the ginger cake, and incorporated

in its softness by the pressure of the two sandwiches just above, and the rosy-cheeked apple which confronted you first when the cover came off.

But, as I say, it used to go well enough then.

Nowadays, though, it strikes a terror to my soul when the average lunch basket is opened. Bah! Fruit, sandwiches, string bean pickles, salad, chicken wings and drum sticks, boiled eggs, jam and cream puffs, all packed in together tightly, to economize space. Bananas with sponge cake adhering, and turkey with a flavor of lemon jelly. Sandwiches with a strain of sweet tomato pickles running through them, and lady fingers stuck together in blocks of five.

Ladies who are unexcelled artists in other cuisine preparations seem to fail somehow when it comes to putting up a lunch. If I had n't made up my mind to stop with a hint, I would suggest just what my ideal picnic lunch would be; but I refrain.

But I tell you, sisters, many a good husband will be lost this year, just because of the way the lunch, which some sweet, fair girl has prepared with loving care, looks when the basket is opened.

Charles Newton Hood.

OF MAN'S first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden vine whose luscious taste  
Makes him at 2 A. M. pull off his boot —

'T were needless now twelve thousand lines to waste.

## ENTERPRISING.

DIME MUSEUM VISITOR (*to* BEARDED LADY). — I say, Mum, would n't you like to turn a good penny by carrying a little side line?

BEARDED LADY.—Well, what is it?

DIME MUSEUM VISITOR.—It's just this; you'd be just as big a curiosity in a moustache and Burnsides. Shave your chin, and take an agency to boom Lather's Shaving Soap. I'm Lather, and I can fix ye out good.

## MADE HIM FEEL AT HOME.

MR. BOND.—Living so far from the city as you do, Miss Newburgher, you must see very little of your father.

MISS NEWBURGHER.—Yes, he is n't here very often; still, he seems quite like one of the family.

## TOO MUCH.

A thrill of mortifying pain  
Darts through my large and lofty brain,  
When some young lady thinks  
That I can spend a futile night,  
And play with infantile delight,  
"Progressive Tiddledy Winks."

Harry Romaine.



## NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES.

CLERK.—A pair of our \$3.00 shoes; yes, sir. Will you have the heavy or the light weight, sir?

EMINENT THESPIAN.—Let me see—we open in Frostville Monday night; you may show me a pair of the heavy weight, please.

# HYPNOTIC TALES.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

V.

## THE BOSTON GIRL'S TALE.\*



SHE ADJUSTED HER EYEGLASSES and carefully smoothed down the creases in her tailor-made dress. The white-bearded man of science fixed his eyes upon her, and, yielding to the hypnotic spell, she began her tale:

"I am going to tell you of a very remarkable and thrilling event which occurred in one of the most exclusive houses on Beacon Hill last Winter and made a profound sensation in the very best society of Boston; and I can assure you that in those circles it is very seldom that anything takes place that is in the slightest degree exciting or dramatic. The scene of my story is laid in the drawing-room of one of the most aristocratic of our Massachusetts mansions, during a characteristic gathering of the very best and most charming people of the modern Athens. You who have the misfortune to live in New York, or in places even further west, can form no idea of what a really exclusive social affair in Boston is like. It is not like a New York ball, where the guests are selected solely on account of their wealth; or like a Western merry-making, where flannel shirts and broad hats are *de rigueur*—"



"It's nothing of the sort!" cried the Western girl, impetuously. "You attend one of our select society round-ups, and you'll find just as much style to the square foot as you will in Boston, or New York, either, for that matter."

The Boston Girl raised her eyebrows gently, in token of surprise, and then went on: "Well, I will confine myself to a description of Boston society, with which I am so thoroughly familiar that my accuracy will be above question. This reception was given by Mr. Hiram Beeswax, who belongs to one of the oldest families in Massachusetts, and is closely related to the Knuttmeigs, of Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Beeswax lives in a beautiful old-fashioned house furnished in the Colonial style. His grandfather was an old Boston merchant, who used to send ships to the west coast of Africa, in order to Christianize the savages and induce them to leave their barbarous ways and come with him to the West Indies, where he found pleasant homes for them in the families of planters. He owned a large distillery, and amassed a great fortune by his trade with Africa."

"The reception was given in honor of Herr Rosin, the third violin in the Museum orchestra, and a great favorite in society. Of course, the presence of such a distinguished musician filled the drawing-rooms with the most exclusive and charming literary and artistic celebrities in the city. And among others was Professor Gnowital, a very agreeable and accomplished man, and one of the founders of the Wednesday Night Club. He was talking to Mrs. Squeall, who gives delightful Russian readings every Saturday morning in the season. It's so pleasant to hear Tolstoi in its original tongue."



"But how many of you understood Russian?" asked the Spiritualist.

"Why, we none of us understand it any more than she does; but it's perfectly charming to go to her studio; one meets so many really cultivated people there; and her readings have been very successful," said the Boston Girl, looking rather superciliously at the questioner, and speaking with a rising inflection of the voice.

"But, to return to the Beeswax reception. Another guest of distinction was Mrs. Hopeful Squills, who made quite a furore a year or two ago by hanging all her garments from her shoulders and

preaching all-wool health doctrines to the Philistines of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia."

"How do you mean?" demanded the School-Boy, who had listened with eyes and mouth wide open, "how do you mean—she hangs all her clothes on her shoulders? does n't she put them on? Why, do you know I should think—"

"Hush!" said the Rich Presbyterian.

"Te he!" giggled the Western Girl; and the Boston Girl went on with a heightened color:

"I thought that my meaning would be understood, and that it would not be necessary for me to go into particulars. I will only say that Mrs. Squills is a very accomplished and charming woman, and talks in a perfectly delightful way about the things in which she is interested. Mr. Fearsome Greer, another of the guests, entertained us during the evening with recitations. He reads Browning beautifully, and all the girls in Boston simply dote on him. There was an unusually large number of men present, fully half-a-dozen beside those that I have named; and you've no idea how refreshing it was to see so many black coats in one parlor, all on the same evening. Well, with such a large proportion of men present, you can imagine how surprised we were when at a very late hour another man, a total stranger—to me, at least—was ushered into the drawing-room. But, bewildered as we were, we were totally unprepared for the climax that, an hour later, followed the appearance of that stranger."



"It was not long before we found out who he was; and, indeed, you may trust the girls in our set to learn all there is to know about a man in about as short a time as any girls in New England."

"I had forgotten to say that Mrs. Beeswax had a niece of hers staying with her at the time—a rather pretty little thing from the West, somewhere; and, of course, this reception was the first exclusive and intellectual affair she had ever attended in her life. You might say that on this occasion she made her debut in society; and, naturally enough, she was very much awed by the brilliancy of the company, if not actually chilled by the *hauteur* of the guests. The truth is, the poor child was simply impossible in Boston, and we all of us agreed that it was best to let her know the truth as soon as possible."

"We did it kindly, but firmly. We drew her into our circle and talked about esoteric Buddhism, Dante and Ibsen, until I really felt sorry for the poor child—she looked so red and uncomfortable."

"I was sitting beside her when the strange man entered the room. It was dreadful the way she jumped up and ran to speak to him, right before every one in the room. I felt decidedly annoyed, for it is awkward to be left sitting alone by oneself on a sofa, and it never seemed to occur to her to bring the man over and present him to any of us. He was a tall, handsome man, too, though evidently from the West somewhere; and, as I said before, in less than five minutes we knew everything about him. He owned a mine, or something like that, in the place where Amelia—I believe that was her silly name—lived, and he had stopped for a few days in Boston on his way to Europe—on business, he said."

"You would n't believe it, but before he'd been in the room fifteen minutes, he disappeared as if he'd been swallowed up; and when I looked around for Amelia, I found that she had vanished, too. This sort of thing would never do in Boston, and so Sadie Applethorpe and I started out to look for them. We found them, of course, in the conservatory, and we came upon them very suddenly. I heard him speaking to her, and his words were distinctly—too distinctly—audible to us both. I had often read in novels of men who addressed themselves to girls as he was addressing her; but I never dreamed that I should live to hear such language in the very holy of holies of Boston society. Sadie Applethorpe turned white."



The warning cough froze upon my larynx. I do not know what strange force compels me to describe such a scene before this very mixed company, but I must.



"That man from the West was holding both of that girl's hands in his, and was asking her to marry him."

The Boston Girl paused, and wiped her forehead with her lace handkerchief.

It was the School-Boy who broke the silence: "And what did *she* say?"

"What did *she* say?" exclaimed the story-teller, rather

snappishly. "What would any girl say under such circumstances? She said YES, of course."

"That's a nice high-toned society story," said the Detective, approvingly; "but there don't seem to be much that's practical about you gilt-edged folks."

"I'll tell you a story that's practical enough to suit any one," exclaimed the Representative Business Man.

"Go on, then!" cried the man of science, moving his chair a little so as to get a full view of him.

And then the other guests settled down to a quiet enjoyment of the Representative Business Man's Tale.



#### FAME'S REWARD.

**B**EFORE HIS NAME was well afloat,  
 Dame Fortune played him sorry pranks,  
 And every manuscript he wrote  
 Came straightway back, "declined with thanks;"  
 But now he's known from pole to pole,  
 Full many an editor he frets;  
 With groans his stiffish rates they dole —  
 His stuff's accepted "with regrets!"

R. L. H.

#### A REPRESSIVE MEASURE.

ENGLISH TOURIST.—The Irish give you a great deal of trouble, here, don't they?

NEW YORKER.—Yes; they are trying to get the upper hand.

ENGLISH TOURIST.—To what are you resorting to repress them?

NEW YORKER.—Well, we are cultivating Anglo-mania.

#### WHAT THE BULLETS SAID.

VETERAN (*growing eloquent*).—In the battle, the bullets made a strange sound; they seemed to say, "ping, ping."

SCOFFER (*interrupting*).—Never heard 'em seem to say "pen, sion," did you?

#### A VOICE FROM "ONE WHO KNOWS."

My name's "Responsibility,"  
 I'm awful hard to fix;  
 But when well fixed, to fix the fix  
 Is one of my sly tricks.



#### A LONG WAIT.

MRS. DAIGNTY.—Oh, George, I can not possibly cross in all this slush!

MR. DAIGNTY.—Drive on, Conductor! The lady is going to wait for the Underground Railway!



#### A SPIRITED ENCOUNTER.

ROUNDSMAN.—Hey! what's this?

OFFICER.—I was knocked out. Fourteen 's too many for me—

ROUNDSMAN.—Where are they? (*Looking around.*)

OFFICER.—I managed to down 'em all, separately; but they upset me when they got together!

#### ORNITHOLOGICAL.

"They say that a sparrow has been known to hatch out a king bird's eggs."  
 "Yes; but what of that? I've known many an eagle to father a lark."

#### HE'S STOPPED NOW.

"They say that Upson Downes's tailor has been dressing him for nothing."

"Indeed! For the 'ad,' I suppose?"

"No; because he can't collect a cent."

#### HE IS DEAD.

MRS. SCRIBLETS.—I see that the Aristotle manuscript has been published.

MR. SCRIBLETS.—I fear that the payment for it will be too late to do Mr. Aristotle any good.

#### HE COTCHED HIM.

COLONEL BLUFF.—You might as well acknowledge that you stole the chickens, Uncle. I found a piece of the brown coat you wore that night in the hen shed.

UNCLE EBON (*triumphantly*).—Now, I cotch you, Colonel. I did n't w'ar a brown coat dat night.

#### HAND-OVER-HAND — The Highwayman.

"THE LAST shall be first" when lovely woman opens a new novel.

#### GROWN OUT OF DOORS — "Portals."

DEAD MEN tell no tales, but they leave no end of them in print.



"ALL BALLED UP;"  
OR,  
THE TRANSFORMATION OF A CATCHER.



WILD VIOLETS.

THEY SMELL of the rain, the sun and breeze;  
Of the long, cool shadows of cedar trees;  
Of the brook that sings down its mossy ledge;  
Of the bending ferns and the rustling sedge;  
Of velvet mosses that keep the dew;  
And of sweet dead leaves that sweet last year knew.

They smell of the chill pure breath of dawn;  
Of wind-swept hillside and sun-swept lawn;  
Of rose-briar hedge and of winding lane;  
And—of dreams that will never come back again,  
These wild, pale violets, faint and sweet,  
That we buy in the crowded city street.

Madeline S. Bridges.

BARRING BOOK-AGENTS.

MISS TENCE.—I like to meet a man with a history.  
MR. FENCE.—So do I—provided he does n't have it for sale.

DANIEL DE ROUNDER, for his nice sentiments,  
In his gilt circle a Jupiter went immense:  
In the "L"-car stood a widow dressed poorly—  
Was there glue in his seat?—Yea, surely, surely!



A SIDE LINE.

"Mr. Planter, the enterprising funeral director, has opened a tobacco emporium next his casket parlors, on Main Street."—*Local Paper.*

GUILT.

A Drama.

HE.—Do tell me how your brother is getting on.  
SHE.—Oh, much better to-day, thank you. But poor Annie is nearly broken down with nursing him.  
HE.—What a dreadful time they have had, haven't they?  
SHE.—Yes, indeed! And have you heard anything of the Benedicts?

HE.—I believe they are still very anxious about Mrs. Benedict. So distressing, is n't it?

SHE.—Oh, shocking! Then the Montagues. They think Nelly out of danger now; but her mother has n't left the house. Dear me, it does seem as if Providence had singled out all the young married couples for affliction this Winter.

HE.—Well,—

BOTH (*with remarkable eagerness*).—That is just what I say—never get married!

(*Pause. They regard each other with impenetrable countenances.*)

HE.—By the way, don't you want to go take a look at the pictures at the Burin Club some day this week?

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

MRS. FOGG.—Goodness mercy! The new dining-room carpet is ruined. Somebody has spilled a whole lot of oil, and made a great big grease-spot in the centre of it.

MR. FOGG.—You must have done it yourself, Mother, when you filled the lamp.

MRS. FOGG.—Oh, perhaps I did; never mind; I guess it will evaporate.

BRIDGING THE DIFFICULTY.

MISS COONBY.—I'd hab you know, Mose Yallerby, dat ef I marry a man, it'll be fo' love an' not fo' his money.

MR. YALLERBY (*after a moment's thought*).—Well, 'Lize, I'll fix it dis way: I'll throw up mah job in respect to yoah sentiments an' then git m'self hired over again in respect fo' yoah comfort!

THEIR MEETING.

MISS DOWNES.—My brother, Upson, said he met you on the other side—just as you ran out of Berlin.

MR. ROUNDS (*sadly*).—Yes; I remember very well. I met your brother just as he ran out of cash.

KNEW A BETTER PLAN.

KENNETH.—Miss Maud! Maud! Will you gwant me that gweat happiness? Will you be mine?

MAUD.—You may ask Papa.

KENNETH.—I shahn't. I shall ask Mama. Papa nevah lets me do anything.

A SENTIMENTAL DITTY.

I GATHER from the poet's lines  
His heart is but a rich cigar,  
Which, lit at one of Love's fair shrines,  
Consumes to ashes, smoke and char.

My heart is like my favorite briar:  
When love burns out without a pain,  
I knock the ashes in the fire  
And fill the blackened bowl again.

Harry Romaine.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED  
DEFINITIONS.

"Working overtime."



## THE APPEAL OF THE DELEGATES.

ME FRI'NDS, we are come on a codgerin' mission:  
Yer brothers in Erin are wild for a fight;  
But havin' no funds to provide ammunition,  
We hope ye 'll supply us wid plinty to-night.

Our warriors valiant are massed for the tussle;  
The forces opposin' are evenly matched;  
But how can full justice be done to their muscle,  
Unless there 's a bit of a blackthorn attached?

We know you are kind, an' it would n't be in ye  
To dale wid us mane, afther comin' so far.  
We 'll fight till we 're dead, if ye 'll only continue  
To keep us supplied wid the sinews of war.

What a shame it would be if our whole blessed nation,  
A nation for dhrinkin' an' fightin' renown'd,  
Were forced to relinquish the fistification  
Because proper weapons were not to be found!

But furnish each Celt wid a blackthorn shillelagh,  
An' plinty of whiskey, an' thin, boys, hurroo!  
The bellicose backers of Parnell an' Healy  
Will show what the sons of Hibernia can do!

O brethren! on you we depind for assistance;  
Ah, don't have it said that we trusted in vain;  
If so, agitation recedes in the distance —  
Good-by, sweet Home Rule, an' the Plan of Campaign!

But who 'd be so mane as to play the curmudgeon  
Whin-poor Mother Erin's so sadly disthress'd?  
A dollar will buy a respectable bludgeon,  
Or purchase a bottle of Jamieson's best.

Unless an abundance of greenbacks await us,  
Our isle will be soon in a pitiful fix;  
For though there 's no famine for male or potatoes,  
There 's worse — there 's a famine for whiskey an' sticks!

The Gills, the McCarthys, the Parnells an' Healys,  
Are fiercely intent on the spillin' of blood;  
But not havin' money to purchase shillelaghs  
Can only bedaub one another wid mud!

Oh, let us bring home, whin our embassy closes,  
A mandate an' manes from the men of New York,  
To smash ev'ry skull of the knaves that oppose us  
From Fair Head, in Antrim, to Mizen, in Cork!

Then plank down yer dollars, me boys, an' be frisky;  
The tocsin has sounded, the flag is unfurl'd;  
An' unless we run short of shillelaghs an' whiskey,  
We 'll make our Green Island a sight for the world!

Phelim O'Dowd.

## A BROOKLYN OPINION.

ROCKSY.—Don't you think Mayor Chapin has injured his chances with the Democrats by his connection with this water scandal?

RYLEY.—Yes; what business has a Democrat with a water plant, any how?

## AN APPROPRIATE COSTUME.

"What was the idea of dressing the little page at the Revere wedding like a Western desperado?"

"Oh, he was to hold up the train, you know!"

## FOREIGN COMPETITION.

MR. NUBORDER.—Does the tariff hurt your business any?

MRS. HAASCH.—I guess not; why?

MR. NUBORDER.—Nothing; only I notice that skeletons come in free.

## EXPIRE TOGETHER.

"On what date does Congress usually adjourn?"

"That depends entirely on the size of the surplus to be expended."

"JOHNSON'S LEARNED SOCK" would have made him ineligible as an alliance candidate.



## NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

THE PROFESSOR.—Did you ever read that romantic old novel, "The Children of the Abbey?"

MISS INGÈNUE.—Why, I did n't know an Abbé ever had children!

## THE BALLAD OF "DANNY DEEVER."

"WHAT DID you write the ballad for?" said Files-on-Parade;  
"None of your blasted business!" young Rudyard Kipling said.  
"Oh, tell me what you wrote it for?" said Files-on-Parade.  
"To add unto my boodle," young Rudyard Kipling said;  
"For whatever stuff I scribble, the publishers will take;  
And though I'm often brilliant, I fake, and fake, and fake,  
And for the simple reason, I am upon the make,  
So I wrote this 'Danny Deever', t' other mornin'."

Chas. Battell Loomis.

## TRUE AS SCRIPTURE.

A SIX DAY RACE — Mankind.

## A TAMMANY VIEW.

DE SMYTHE.—The P. M. L. is now organized on a firm footing.  
GILLIGAN.—Dat 's all right; 400 votes can't carry dis city.

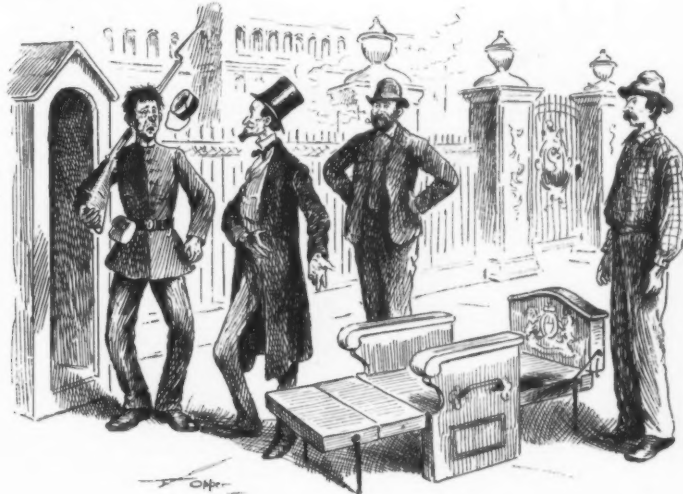
## THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.



STRANGER.—Is the Queen in?

SENTINEL (at Buckingham Palace).—Wot d'ye want, me good feller?

STRANGER.—Got a big thing here—want to show it to her. Set her down, boys: "Winterbottom's Patent Throne and—



—Folding Bed."



A statesman of wondrous verbosity  
Hatched a scheme which he called  
"Reciprocity;"  
He said 't was immense,  
But all people of sense  
Cried: "T will fall through with  
awful velocity."



There was an old fellow whose book  
Was expected to show that he took  
Quite the "lead" in "Sassity."  
It is vain to deny it, he  
Proved himself only a cook.



There is a big Family Trust  
That goes straight for the citizens' d  
It would keep on, no doubt,  
Till the Harrisons gave out,  
But next year it is going to bust.



A playwright from far Scandinavia  
Was distressed at the world's bad behavior,  
But he took a great drop  
When the people said "stop,  
There's a dime—get a hair-cut and shave yer!"



There once was a Noble Inspector  
Who remarked: "King, your gift I reject.  
I can catcha de thief,  
But 't would killa de chief,  
If of titles I proved a collector."



There is an old chap, quite a brisk cuss,  
Whose opinions are somewhat  
promiscuous;  
In the Senate he'll sit,  
And he'll need all his wit,  
Or the wind there will blow through  
his whiskers.



THE SADDEST CASE OF ALL.  
Poor Bridget, who saves up her poor little pence  
To hasten the glorious day of Home Rule,  
Unless she displays unexpected good sense  
Will this April be four different kinds of a fool—

A fool to give Pa  
A fool to give  
A fool to pay her  
And fool not





Family Trust  
 Fight for the citizens' dust,  
 Ep on, no doubt,  
 Arrisons gars out,  
 Is going to bust.



An aging and amiable Prince  
 Much solicitude used to evince  
 For the health of his Ma,  
 But she 'd answer: "Ta—ta—  
 Young feller, I never take hints."



There was a fat man with a sash,  
 Who played tricks with the Speakership  
 lash—  
 When he got to the floor  
 He was serious and sore,  
 And much less inclined to be brash.



There was once an actress named Sadie,  
 Who owned a pet asp named O'Grady,  
 And the asp, every night,  
 Was encouraged to bite  
 This agreeable and elegant lady.



There is an old man of Vardin—  
 He is out, but he used to be in,—  
 When he hollered and cried,  
 The Emperor replied:  
 "My friend, you won't git thar ag'in."



Two exceedingly cheap politicians  
 Fell to scolding about extraditions,  
 Said 1.: "You usurp!"  
 Said 2.: "You're a purp!"  
 And the people sustained their positions.

CASE OF ALL.  
 A fool to give Parnell one single red cent—  
 A fool to give Healy one single red more—  
 A fool to pay heed to McCarthy's lament—  
 And fool not to show the whole pack the door.



#### WAITING FOR THE PARADE.

**FIRST ERRAND BOY** (*continuing narrative*).—So, I says to a feller, "what's all de flags an' streamers out fur?" An' he says, "dey's a big parade comin' off." Soon as he says dat, I had an immense idear; I commenced to limp, and when I got to de store I was limpin' pretty bad. I limped round de store a while, an', finally, de sup'rintendent called me over to de parcel counter, an' says, "here's a couple o' parcels fur you to deliver dat was forgot las' night; but what makes you limp? What's de matter wit' yer?" I told him it seemed to come on kinder sudden; an' he says, "here's yer car fare; an' seein' yer lame you can take yer time." So I went out limpin' worse'n ever, an' when I got roun' de corner I felt so good I took a runnin' jump over a fruit stand.

**SECOND ERRAND BOY**.—Gee! I wisht I'd a-tought of that lame dodge, too; there's goin' to be music when I git back. I got to take this parcel up to Twenny-fourth Street, an' the parcel man said he was goin' to hold the watch on me.

**PATRIOTIC AMERICAN** (*showing the sights to friend from London*).—And there's another thing I want to call your attention to, where we're way ahead of you Britishers—that is, the behavior of our crowds. Now, in a London crowd you can't tell what minute you may be picked out as a mark for the coarse wit of a lot of roughs. With us—I don't say it to boast, mind—you'll never see anything of that sort; there's plenty of high spirits in our crowds; but we know where to draw the line, and—

**VOICE** (*from rear*).—Hey, Danny, are you on to de wax figure over dere in front, wid de bow-knot on his hat, an' one of his glasses broke? (*With sudden change of tone*.) W'y, I'm blowed if it ain't 'Arry 'Opkins!—'Arry, me pippin', ow goes it?—'Ow's heverybody at 'ome? I s'y, 'Arry, join us awfter the bloomin' parade's over, cawn't ye? an' we'll 'ave a bloomin' glaws together!

**MR. CASWELL'S FIANCEE**.—Charlie, dear, speak to that great, coarse man with the beard, and tell him to move a little further away—don't you see he's crowding Mama?

**MR. CASWELL** (*reluctantly*).—Excuse me, sir—would you—er—have the kindness to—er—move along a little? I fear you are incommoding the lady next you.

**STRANGER FROM THE WEST** (*solemnly, moving as requested*).—I don't wanter crowd the wimmin folks, young man, an' I'm willin' to put up with a heap for the sake of bein' peaceable an' quiet; but I be'n in this here town two days, an' in them two days I've be'n moved on by seven different policemen, moved up by fourteen hoss-car conductors, an' moved out of a picter gallery by havin' the gas shet off; an' I've got jest about to the eend o' my patience, an' the next policeman, conductor or dude thet asks me to move along is a-goin' to do some o' the liveliest movin' himself thet he ever done in his life; I hain't lookin' fer no trouble; but I'm a man thet kin throw a two-year old steer when I git mad!

**INEBRIATED INDIVIDUAL**.—Thash right, Whiskers, don't let 'em bluff ye!

**BYSTANDER** (*to AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER*).—Here, where are you squeezing to?

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER**.—Just want to get over by the policeman, where I can get some good snap shots when the parade comes along.

**BYSTANDER**.—That policeman won't let you stand out in the street—don't you see he's moving everybody back?

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER**.—He won't, hey?—You just watch me get around him, now—they all know me—I'm solid with 'em.

**POLICEMAN**.—Git back there wid that little box.

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER** (*confidentially*).—It's all right, officer, I—

**POLICEMAN**.—Git back there, before I'll prod ye!

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER** (*still more confidentially*).—Just want to stand where I can get—

**POLICEMAN** (*in a stentorian voice*).—Ye'll shtand where ye'll git tin days av ye don't git back there!

**BYSTANDER** (*as AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER squeezes back*).—There's nothing like having a pull with the police, is there? I often wish I had one myself.

F. Oppen.



#### COMING IT A LITTLE TOO FINE.

**MADISON SQUEERS**.—It has got so now that you can't ask a policeman a question without you have a permit.

**UPSON DOWNES**.—What kind of a permit?

**MADISON SQUEERS**.—A permit to live!

#### DE MORTUIS NIHIL NISI BONUM.

**NECROLOGIST**.—What is there to say about old Dornale; he was in the Legislature for a time, was n't he?

**EDITOR**.—Yes; but there is no use hurting the family's feelings!

#### CONSOLATION.

They say the baby looks like me,  
Bald-headed, short and slim;  
But no one's said—and hence my glee—  
That I resemble him.

Geo. W. Newpop.



#### VERY MORTIFYING.

"His affliction is a dreadful mortification to Hoffy.

"What is his trouble?"

"He has an ingrowing moustache."

#### SHE DID, OR SHE DID N'T.

**CHICAGO MATRON** (*to DAUGHTER, newly married*).—Do you love your husband, darling?

**DAUGHTER** (*surprised*).—Why, Mother; what a silly question!

**GONE OVER THE RANGE**—The Girl who Poured Kerosene Into It.

**QUEER THING** about the three-cent piece. You always take it for a dime with your change; but you can never induce any one else to do so.







TRYING ON A SPRING SUIT.

# "BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

By JAMES WHITCOMB TENNYSON.

I OFTEN dream some thoughts  
I can't say when awake;  
But on your cold gray stones, O Sea!  
Just

break,  
break,  
break.

The fisher's kid and gal  
Do sartain take the cake.  
The sailor's old clay pipe hez dropped  
To  
break,  
break,  
break.

The big ships sail ez smooth  
Ez if upon a lake,  
And little Sue — there, now, my voice  
Will  
break,  
break,  
break.

The days that 's went hez gone,  
They gave me the cold shake —  
Gee whiz! it seems ez if my heart  
Would  
break,  
break,  
break.

Chas. Battell Loomis.

"WHAT'S YOUR RUSH?" asked Aaron, as  
Moses hurried by.  
"Bulrush," replied the foundling, absently,  
as he kept on his way.

THE HUMAN TRUNK should be of soul-leather.

A SPRING DISH — Frogs' Legs.

SYMPATHETIC STRIKES are generally failures;  
we should strike for the right, not for the  
"left."

SORROW—HITCH.—At Tremont House, Chicago,  
Ill., Miss KATIE L. HITCH, of New Orleans, and  
Mr. FERDINAND G. SORROW, of Chicago, Ill.

— N. O. Picayune.

Many people trouble borrow,  
The world is full of sich;  
See this young woman hitched to Sorrow,  
'Cause Sorrow 'itched to Hitch.

J. G. J.

## DAMNING EVIDENCE.

MRS. DOGOOD.—I believe that tramp is coming in here; bring me that anti-tramp pie!

WEARY WILLIE.—I hate to do it, Ma'am; but you will understand that my motives are not malicious.

MRS. DOGOOD.—Hate to do what?

WEARY WILLIE.—Take this pie before the Grand Jury!

## THE PREVAILING ENNUI.

"You look tired."

"I am."

"Too many social dissipations?"

"No. Not enough."

## AND WORKED UP.

"You know the wealthy and cultured Mr. Shiner, don't you?"

"Yes; he commenced life as a bootblack."

"Ah! I see; began at the foot."

## AT THE HECLAMET.

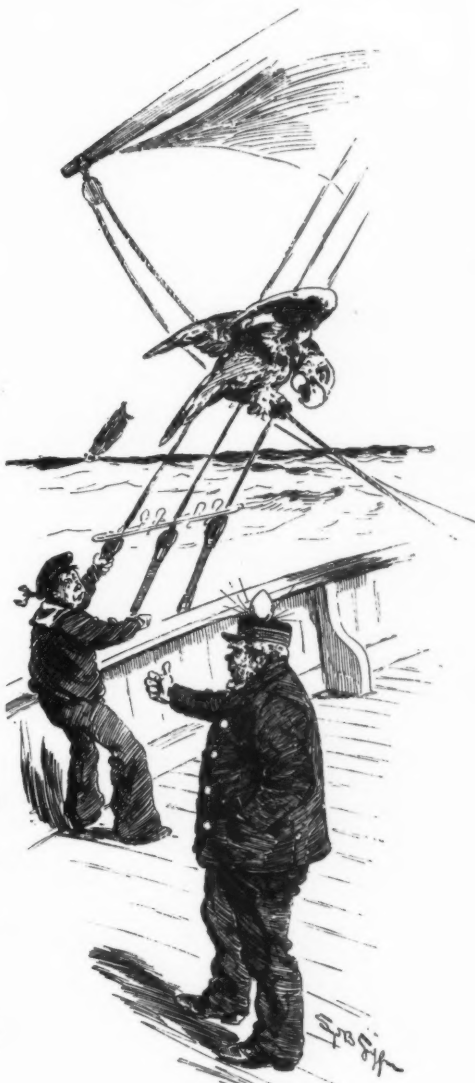
"Phew! These oystahs are vile. Taitht like coppah."

"Yes. Just like London oysters."

"Reahly! Waitah, a dozen moah oystahs."

## A THOUGHT.

The sweetest songs are always those  
That in the soul are spent;  
The minute that you whistle them  
It busts the sentiment.



## DISCIPLINE.

THE SKIPPER.—Lay aloft, there, you lubber!

THE PARROT (*suiting the action to the word*).—Aye, aye, sir!

At every exposition where the Sohmer Pianos have been brought into competition with others they have invariably taken the first prize.

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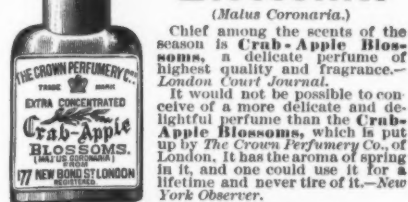
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This should be a warning to all classes to take precautions against exposure and whatever tends to debilitate the system.

The trying changes of the weather, at this season, and the consequent cases of colds, influenzas, inflammation of the lungs, rheumatism, pains in the back, and the many other aches and pains caused by unavoidable or careless exposure, are things that can not be neglected, except at the risk of more serious consequences.

As attested by indisputable testimony, they may be both prevented and relieved by the timely use of

## ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

BELLE. — Mr. B. — is an all-around athlete at college, is n't he?

BOB. — Yes; an all-around athlete — never in it. — Yale Record.



SMOKERS SHOULD NOTICE THE ADVERTISEMENT IN OUR TODAY'S ISSUE OF THE "TIGER CUBANA" CIGAR.

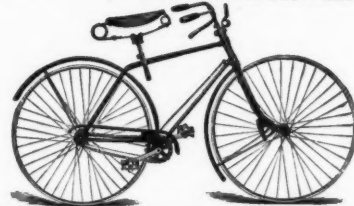
It may be interesting to many to know that the wonderful popularity of Kirk's Juvenile Toilet Soap has run its sales to the enormous amount of 2,762,427 per annum indicating that it is the most popular Soap in the world.

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HE. — Would you be mad if anybody should see me kiss you?  
SHE. — Is anybody looking? — The Epoch.

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Prepared by a Dermatologist with 20 years' experience. Highly indorsed by the medical profession; unequalled as a remedy for eczema, scaldhead, oily skin, pimples, flesh worms, ugly complexion, etc. Indispensable as a toilet article, and a sure preventive of all diseases of the skin. At Druggists or by mail, Price 50c.



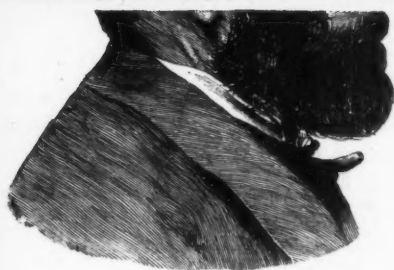


FIG. 1. (Cut the figures out and try it.)

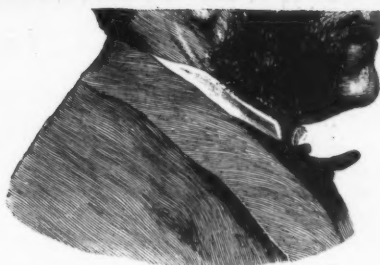


FIG. 2.

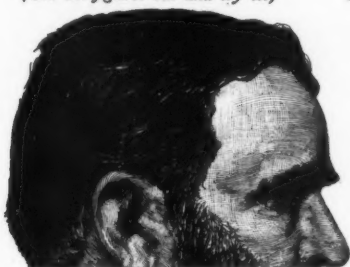


FIG. 3.

## What do You think?

We believe that every man ought to *Shave* or *get shaved*.

It looks better, and tends to better health, too — so the Doctors say. The *features* are what lend *character* to the face.

We see no reason for concealing them, unless, perchance, the character is a *bad* one.

Here is one of the greatest War Generals of modern times.

Do you recognize him?

Cut out the three figures.

Fig. 1 and Fig. 3, united, show him *with a full beard*.

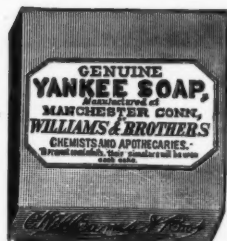
Fig. 2 and Fig. 3, united, show him *shaven*, as he appeared during his *second* term as President of the United States.

Do you not think the partially shaven face the more becoming?

Would not a full, clean shaven face have been more becoming still?

To shave with ease and comfort, quickly and without irritation, be sure you use the world-renowned

NOTE  
THE  
LABEL



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ALL  
IMITA-  
TIONS.

There is but ONE — "Yankee" Soap — and this is the one. BEWARE of dealers who say they have something "the same as" — or "as good as" the Yankee. Take nothing but the GENUINE.

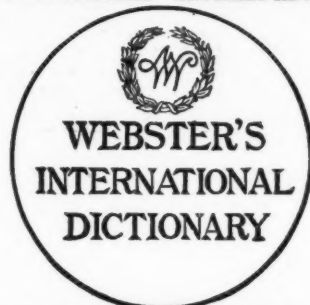
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LITERAL.

RINGWAY.—See here, what a terrible botch you have made repairing this coat. I told you to mend the hole so you could n't see it.

TAILOR.—Well, sir, you can't see the hole, can you.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*



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But she answered him not. She had fainted.  
— Kate Field's Washington.

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TRAVELER.—Are there any Americans stopping in Paris at present?—The Epoch.

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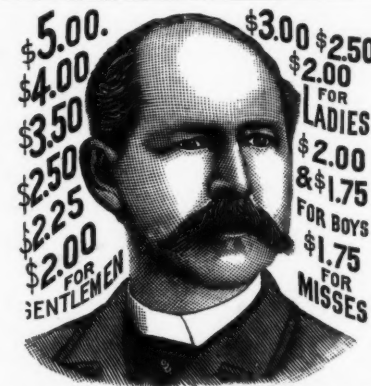
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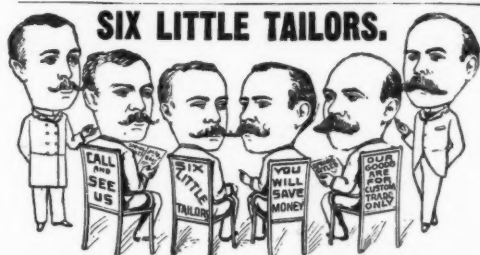
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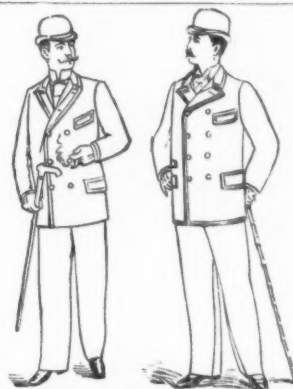
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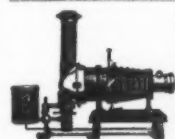
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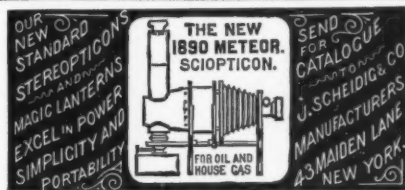
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